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EEERIE



ONLY the DEAD
LIVE HERE!
CASTLE of TERROR!
PHANTOM of the
WAXWORKS!



EERIE



THEY WERE
MAROONED ON A
GLOOMY,
STORM-SWEPT
LITTLE
ISLAND! ALICE AND TOM
WENTWORTH
KNEW
THE ICY
CLUTCH OF
TERROR
AS THEY
SEARCHED
FOR SOME
SIGN OF
ANOTHER
HUMAN BEING--
AND WEIRD,
IN-HUMAN
VOICES
SCREAMED...
"ONLY THE
DEAD
LIVE HERE!"

BLOOD WAS
SPILLED IN THE
DEAD OF NIGHT!

AND ONLY THE
STATUES IN THE
MUSEUM OF HORRORS
KNEW THAT THE
MURDERER WAS THE...
"PHANTOM OF THE
WAXWORKS!"



HE WAS CAUGHT FAST BENEATH A
LAYER OF GRASSY EARTH! IT HELD HIM
DOWN, TIGHTENING AROUND HIS ARMS,
PINNING HIS LEGS TO THE GROUND! AND
AS HE LAY THERE HE STARED INTO THE
GLEAMING EYES OF DEATH!
"GREEN GROWS THE GRASS!"

CAN THE DEAD RETURN TO COMPLETE THE THINGS THEY FAILED TO DO IN LIFE? FATE MAROONED ALICE AND TOM WENTWORTH ON THIS STORM-SWEPT LITTLE ISLAND, AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES INTRUDERS IN THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD! IT WAS A NIGHT OF TERROR, WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT...

ONLY THE DEAD LIVE HERE!





ON
FOOT
THE
ROAD,
AND
IN
A
MINUTE
OR
TWO...



IT WAS
TOM
WENTWORTH'S
VACATION,
WITH HIS
YOUNG
WIFE, ALICE,
HE
WAS
ON A
SUMMER
AUTO
TRIP.
TO THEM,
NOW,
THIS
WAS
NOTHING
MORE
THAN AN
INTERESTING
ADVENTURE,
BUT...



SUDDENLY THE SILHOUETTED FIGURES
VANISHED AS THE COUPLE MOVED BACK INTO
THE ROOM! AND...





HE WAS A POWERFUL OLD FELLOW! SUDDENLY TOM WAS STRUGGLING WITH HIM, AND...



COME UPSTAIRS! IT'S NO GOOD DOWN HERE! I THOUGHT I COULD FIND THE GOLD DOWN HERE! BUT I GUESS I'M WRONG! I--I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER!

HE'S OFF HIS HEAD! C'MON, ALICE, WE'LL TAKE HIM UP-STAIRS!



UNCLE EZRA? HE'S HERE? I--I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM! BUT I DON'T LIVE HERE! I'M PETER GUINNESS-- JUST A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY! I CAME HERE ONLY TONIGHT! STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON HERE!

AND IN THE SITTING ROOM...

WE SAW A YOUNG MAN AND GIRL IN HERE! WHERE ARE THEY? AND WHO ARE YOU?

THEY'VE COME BACK! THEY'RE AFTER IT, TOO! BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE IT!

WE--WE HEARD THEM TALKING! THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE! THEY CALLED HIM UNCLE EZRA



IT WAS A WEIRD, GRUE-SOME STORY! EZRA CARTER HAD BEEN A HERMIT, LIVING HERE ALONE WITH HIS HIDDEN GOLD! THEN HIS NIECE, ELLEN, AND HER YOUNG HUSBAND, BOB, HAD COME TO VISIT HIM, AND...

THEY SAID UNCLE EZRA WAS INSANE! THEY WOULD HAVE LOCKED HIM UP--PUT HIM AWAY--BUT HE KNEW THEY WERE REALLY AFTER HIS GOLD! SO ONE NIGHT, HE KILLED THEM!

AN IN-SANE KILLER? AND HE'S LURKING IN HERE NOW?

K-KILLED THEM?





UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD!

AFTER WE WERE BURIED, THE POLICE WE'LL FIND IT! WE'LL LEAVE IT SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR UNCLE EZRA'S TREASURE! LYING EXPOSED--THE POLICE WILL GET IT! --AND THEY'LL SEND THEM COULDN'T FIND IT! IT TO UNCLE ALAN, OVER IN LONDON! HE'S THE RIGHTFUL HEIR!



AND NOW, AS TOM WENTWORTH TURNED TO GAZE AT THE LITTLE HEADSTONES...

IT'S MY GOLD!
YOU CAN'T HAVE
IT! NOBODY CAN
HAVE IT BUT
ME!

WHA--?



EVERYBODY WANTS MY TREASURE!
BUT IT'S MINE--ALL MINE! I'LL
NEVER REST TILL I GET IT! HA,
HA, HA! IT WILL LIE IN THE
GRAVE WITH ME! THAT'S
WHERE IT BELONGS! HA,
HA, HA, HA, HA!



DES-
PERATE-
LY
TOM
WENT-
WORTH
FOUGHT!
BUT
THIS
SHASTLY
ADVER-
SARY
HAD
SUPER-
HUMAN
STRENGTH!

I KILLED ELLEN AND
BOB BECAUSE THEY WANT-
ED MY GOLD!--AND I'LL
KILL YOU, TOO! OHH!

ULP!



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MURDEROUS
THING FROM THE GRAVE SAW THE
TWO OTHER WATCHING SHAPES!

OH, BOB, LOOK!
UNCLE EZRA'S
KILLING
HIM!



TOM
FELT
THE
HORRIBLE,
CLAMMY
GRIP
ON
HIS
THROAT
DROP
AWAY!
AND
AS
HE
SCRAM-
BLED
TO
HIS
FEET...

WE'LL FIND
IT, ELLEN!
WE'LL FIND
IT!

YOU KEEP
AWAY FROM
HERE! IT'S
MINE!
MINE!



THROUGHOUT THE LONG, STORM-
FILLED NIGHT TOM AND ALICE
WENTWORTH HUDDLED IN THEIR
CAR, LISTENING TO THE GIBBER-
ING VOICES OF THE DEAD!

WE MUST FIND IT,
ELLEN! WE MUST!

NEVER!-
NEVER!

HA HA



WITH THE DAWN THE GRISLY FACES HAD FADED INTO SILENCE! THE LITTLE ISLAND, WITH ITS SINGLE DESERTED HOUSE, STOOD REVEALED IN THE DAWN LIGHT. AND NOW...



AND LATER, AT A POLICE STATION OF A NEARBY VILLAGE...

SO YOU WERE MAROONED ON CARTER ISLAND ALL LAST NIGHT! THAT PLACE HAD A NASTY TRAGEDY

WE HEARD ABOUT IT!

ABOUT A YEAR AGO! OLD MAN CARTER WENT INSANE, MURDERED HIS NIECE AND HER HUSBAND, AN' THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!



YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE OLD MAN--ALAN CARTER--FLEW FROM LONDON FOR THE FUNERAL! EZRA WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A GOLD HOARD! RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO ALAN, NOW!--BUT WE CAN'T FIND IT!



WE DID! WE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE! IT'S THERE, SOMEWHERE!



THEY SAY WEIRD THINGS GO ON THERE AT NIGHT--STORMY NIGHTS ESPECIALLY-- LIKE LAST NIGHT! YOU SAID YOU THINK YOU HEARD SOME OF THAT GHOST STUFF, EH?



GREEN GROWS the GRASS



ENVY AND HATE GREW IN HIS HEART, AND WHEN THEY BLOSSOMED INTO MURDER, A DYING MAN'S REVENGE PLANTED A SEED WHICH FLOWERED INTO GRISLY DEATH...

FELIX HALT
GREW BITTER
WHENEVER HE
COMPARED HIS
OWN LOT WITH
THAT OF HIS
FAMOUS
EMPLOYER...

HMMMF! AND NOT A WORD ABOUT HOW I HELPED HIM! I'M JUST AS CLEVER... AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE IT!



JUST THEN... HALT! COME DOWN TO THE HOHOUSE AT ONCE! I'VE MADE ANOTHER MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY!



SARBO'S HOOTHOUSE
WAS SPECIALLY BUILT...
ITS TINY GLASS
WINDOWS CLEVERLY
INTERLACED WITH
MESH STEEL TO
KEEP OUT PROWLERS.

LOOK, HALT! I'VE PERFECTED A
SEED CAPABLE OF GROWING
ANYWHERE!

YOU... YOU MEAN
IN ANY KIND OF
SOIL?



YES! IN FACT IT DOESN'T EVEN NEED SOIL! IT'LL TAKE ROOT IN ANYTHING! WITH THIS SEED, MILLIONS OF ARID ACRES WILL BE TRANSFORMED TO LUSH GRAZING LAND!

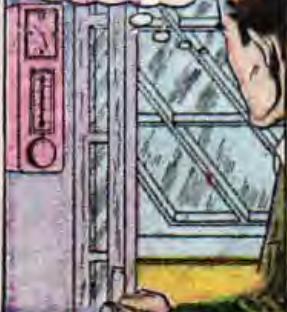
AT THAT MOMENT, AN EVIL PLAN WAS BORN IN HALT'S MIND.

I COULD BUY UP DESERT LAND FOR A SONG, AND INCREASE ITS VALUE A THOUSANDFOLD IF I OWNED THE SEED! HMM...



A LITTLE LATER...

I'LL LOCK THE DOOR... THEN SET THE THERMO-STAT FOR 200 DEGREES! IT WILL LOOK AS IF THE MECHANISM WENT WRONG IF I RESET IT AFTER HE'S DEAD!



SOON... THIS HEAT... IT... IT'S SUFFOCATING ME! THE THERMOSTAT... MUST BE BROKEN... HELP! HELP! HELP!



A FEW MORE MINUTES, AND IT WILL BE OVER. THEN I'LL TAKE THE SEED AND TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THE GHASTLY... HEH-HEH... ACCIDENT!



THROUGH THE WINDOW, SARBO CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS KILLER...

YOU FIEND! IT'S LIKE AN OVEN IN HERE!
LET ME OUT!

THEY'LL TAKE YOU OUT OF THERE--WHEN YOU'RE DONE--
AND NOT BEFORE!



AS SARBO FLAILED HELPLESS FISTS AGAINST THE REINFORCED GLASS, HIS LAST TORTURED THOUGHTS WERE OF REVENGE!

THAT OLD SHOTGUN! I'LL GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS!



MOMENTS LATER...



THAT'S STRANGE...JUST A STINGING SENSATION ALL OVER MY BODY... AS IF HE FIRED TINY, GRANULES OF SAND AT ME!



HALT WAITED TILL HE WAS SURE SARBO WAS DEAD, AND THEN...

THE HEAT...INSUFFERABLE! MUST GET THE SEED...LOCK THE DOOR AGAIN...SO IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
WH-WHAT DID HE DO WITH IT? I...
I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK LATER
...HEAT...TOO INTENSE!



WHEN HALT REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...



ANYTHING WRONG? I HEARD A SHOT!

HAVE TO GET OUT FAST...WITHOUT THE SEED. THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, NOW!

STAY OUT! I...I'M GOING...TO CALL THE POLICE!



HALT FLED TO A NEARBY TOWN AND WENT INTO HIDING...

I'LL STAY HOLED UP TILL THE EXCITEMENT DIES DOWN!



THEM I'LL GO BACK AND FIND THAT SEED. NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ITS VALUE!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, HALT DISCOVERED THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION THAT PERPLEXED HIM!

STRANGE SENSATION... LIKE TINY INSECTS, CRAWLING ALL OVER MY SKIN...



SUDDENLY, HALT REALIZED THE TRUTH!

THE MISSING SEED... THE SHOT-GUN SARBO FIRED AT ME! HE... HE... SAID IT COULD GROW ANY-WHERE... AND NOW... IT... IT'S IN MY FLESH... TAKING ROOT... GROWING!

GREEN HAIR! ALL OVER MY BODY! WH- WHAT IS IT?

FRANTICALLY, HALT TRIED TO PLUCK EACH BLADE FROM HIS SKIN, BUT...

IT... IT'S DEEP IN THE TISSUE... TOO PAINFUL TO REMOVE.



EVEN AS HE WATCHED, HIS MIND REELING WITH TERROR...

IT... IT'S GROWING! WHAT-- WHAT CAN I DO?



LIKE CORNERED RATS, HALT'S THOUGHTS SCURRIED FROM THE TERRIBLE DOOM HE FACED...

I...I'LL CUT IT OFF! MAYBE IT WON'T GROW BACK!



BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHED, THE TERRIBLE GREEN GROWTH FLOWERED FROM THE PORES OF HIS FLESH...

IT'S GROWING BACK... FASTER THAN BEFORE...



HALT SOUGHT REFUGE IN SLEEP, BUT WHEN HE AWOKE...

THE ROOTS... THEY... THEY'RE GROWING INTO THE BED! MUST GET UP... BEFORE THEY PIN ME HERE FOREVER!



HALT NEVER STIRRED FROM THAT ROOM UNTIL...

YOU, IN THERE... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THE LANDLORD! HAVE TO GET OUT... OR HE'LL GROW SUSPICIOUS AND CALL THE POLICE...

YES! I... I... WAS SICK.
I'LL PAY THE RENT...
TOMORROW.



THAT EVENING, HALT FLED FOR THE WOODS...

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT...
WHAT IS THAT?

IT-- IT LOOKS HUMAN... AND
YET... HELP! POLICE!



NO ONE WILL FIND ME HERE! I...I BLEND PERFECTLY WITH THE FOLIAGE!

FOR TWO DAYS HE ROAMED THE WOODS WITHOUT SLEEP, AND THEN UTTERLY EXHAUSTED...

MUST REST...JUST...FOR A FEW...MINUTES!



HALT SLEPT FOR A FULL DAY, AND WHEN HE AWOKE...

THE ROOTS! THEY... THEY'VE GROWN DEEP INTO THE EARTH! I...I CAN'T MOVE!



HOURS PASSED, AND HALT HELPLESSLY WRITHED AGAINST THE BONDS THAT MADE HIM ONE WITH THE EARTH...

AND THEN, ALL WAS STILL EXCEPT FOR AN OCCASIONAL WHIMPER OF AGONY DEEP BENEATH THE GRASS!



THREE MEN SET OUT TO FIND A SECRET OF THE BEYOND THAT WOULD MAKE THEM RICH! INSTEAD THEY FOUND TERROR AND DEATH, WHEN OUT OF THE SHADOWS CAME THE SLITHERING MONSTROSITY THAT FOREVER DOOMED THEM IN THE.....

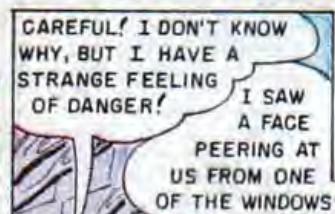
CASTLE of TERROR!



DAYS OF PLANNING FOLLOWED, SUCCEEDED BY WEEKS OF TRAVELLING INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WHERE NO MAN HAD EVER GONE.

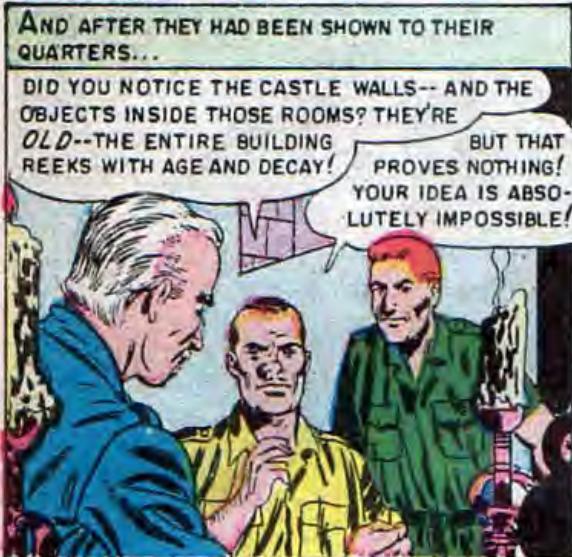


ON THE PEAK OF A NARROW WINDING ROAD WAS A GIGANTIC CASTLE OF IMPOSING SOMBERNESS...



THE KNOCKING REVERBERATED INTO THE CASTLE GROUNDS, FOLLOWED BY SILENCE...THEN, SLOWLY--THE GATES SWUNG OPEN...





THE KNOB
WAS ICE-
COLD TO
THE
TOUCH...
YET
SMOOTH
AND WORN,
AS IF IT
HAD BEEN
OPENED
MANY
TIMES
BEFORE...



HA, HA... IT'S NOT OURS, FOOL! SHH!
THERE ARE
MILLIONS
HERE!
DON'T MAKE SO MUCH
NOISE! WE'RE NOT HERE
FOR TREASURE! WAIT...
A HOT DRAFT IS COM-
ING FROM ANOTHER
DOOR INSIDE THIS
ROOM!



W-WHAT WAS THAT? IT
CAME FROM THIS INNER
DOOR! LOOK! THE DOOR-
KNOB'S TURNING!



SUDDENLY—A TERRIBLE FEAR
POSSESSED EVERYONE THERE!



GOOD LORD!
A TENTACLE--
AND-- AND
FLAMES! WHAT
IS BEHIND
THERE?

YOU CAN FIND OUT IF YOU WANT TO! I'M
GETTING OUT!!



IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN
DO TO HELP? YOU SEEM--
AAH-DISTURBED!
WHAT DO YOU
HIDE DOWN
THERE? SPEAK UP,
OLD GOAT! WHAT
IS IT?



MY MASTER.... COLLECTS ALL SORTS OF SPECIMENS IN THE JUNGLE--AND OUT OF IT! IT WAS A BEAST THAT MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF ITS CAGE. I'LL PUT HIM BACK! NOW, ADIEU--UNTIL TOMORROW!

HE DIDN'T MENTION THE TREASURE... GOOD! HE HASN'T FOUND US OUT!

AND LATER, WHEN THEY WERE ALONE...

INSIDE THE SECOND DOOR IS) NONSENSE!
WHAT WE SEEK! THAT OLD) WE'RE GETTING
MAN SERVES DEATH. I) TIRED OF YOUR
TELL YOU!) CRAZY NOTION.



QUICKLY, VINCENT TRASK HURRIED DOWN THE STEPS AND OPENED THE DOOR. THE GOLD WAS STILL THERE...



THE TENTACLES COILED ABOUT HIS NECK, SHUTTING OFF HIS BREATHING, TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THEY PULLED HIM TOWARDS HORROR!



I AM DEATH! AND YOU HAVE FORFEITED YOUR SOUL THROUGH YOUR GREED -- AS YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE FORFEITED THEIRS THROUGH STUPIDITY AND WEAKNESS!

THEN ZARKO WAS RIGHT! B--BUT YOU LIED TO US! YOU SAID YOU HAD A MASTER!

I HAVE! YOU UNKNOWN- INGLY DISCOVERED THE TREASURE WITH WHICH HE TEMPTS MORTALS SUCH AS YOURSELF! HE HAS JUST RETURNED! MEET MY MASTER--THE--



PETER WORLEY'S MUSEUM OF HORRORS DREW BIG CROWDS! THE BUSINESS HE HAD SEIZED BY THEFT AND MURDER WAS MAKING HIM RICH! BUT THE STRANGE FORCES BEYOND THE GRAVE CAUGHT UP WITH PETER WORLEY AT LAST--THAT WEIRD AND TERRIBLE NIGHT WHEN HE ENCOUNTERED THE GRUESOME...

PHANTOM of the WAXWORKS!



PETER WORLEY'S WAXWORKS DREW BIG CROWDS...

THE MONEY SURE
IS ROLLING IN!
HA! HA!

WORLEY'S
WAX MUSEUM

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, ESPECIALLY THRILLED AND CHILLED THE CUSTOMERS...

COME, ON, MA!
THIS IS THE
PART I WANNA
SEE!

CHAMBER
OF
HORRORS

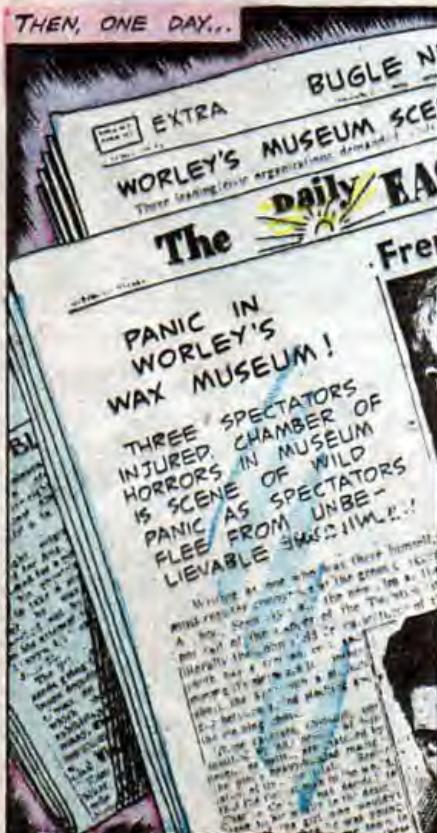
THE LIFE-SIZE SCENES OF WAX DUMMIES
WERE GRUESOMELY REALISTIC!

THERE'S THE
ONE OF JACK
THE RIPPER!
LET'S LOOK!

UGH!
IT'S SO
CREEPY!



THEN, ONE DAY...



YIPES! GIVES
YOU THE WILLIES,
EH, ANNIE? THEY
LOOK SO
ALIVE!



AND THE INFAMOUS BLUEBEARD...

NICE GUY TO
BE MARRIED TO,
EH. DORA?

BRIDGE



AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

THEY ALL AGREED ON
WHAT THEY HAD SEEN. THEY
WERE GAZING AT THE WAY
DUMMY OF JACK THE RIP-
PER, WHEN, SUDDENLY...

ALL RIGHT! NOW TELL US
JUST WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU WERE IN THE CHAM-
BER OF HORRORS...

IT WAS THE
WAX DUMMY OF
JACK THE RIPPER
ALL OF A
SUDDEN --

WE ALL
SAW IT,
AND--

THAT
DUMMY
MOVED!
JACK THE
RIPPER'S
COMIN'
AT US!

**RUN--
RUN!
HELP!**



IN THE WILD PANIC TO ESCAPE
SEVERAL PEOPLE HAD BEEN
INJURED...

IT'S ALIVE!

HELP!
HELP!



BUT WHEN THE POLICE
ARRIVED...

SEEMS PRETTY SURE! BUT
LIFE-LIKE, BUT
IT'S ONLY A
DUMMY... IT
COULDNT
MOVE!

SURE! BUT
THE PEOPLE
WERE YELLING
THAT
IT DID
MOVE AND CAME
AT THEM
WITH A
KNIFE!



THEY ALL
COULDNT HAVE
IMAGINED IT,
COULD THEY?

PROBABLY WAS
SOME THEATRICAL TRICK! A
DUMMY MECHANICALLY FIXED SO
THAT IT COULD
MOVE! BRING
WORLEY DOWN
HERE, I WANT
TO TALK TO
HIM!



AND WHEN THEY BROUGHT PETER
MORLEY INTO HEADQUARTERS...

SEE HERE, MORLEY,
IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA
OF A PUBLICITY STUNT,
QUIT IT! LAY OFF
THAT TRICK STUFF!
UNDERSTAND?

I-I DIDN'T
DO ANY-
THING! I-I
D-DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



IF ANYTHING ELSE
LIKE THAT HAPPENS
IN YOUR MUSEUM
WE'LL CLOSE IT
UP! GET ME?

Y-YES,
SIR!



ACTUALLY,
PETER
MORLEY
KNEW NO
MORE ABOUT
IT THAN
ANYONE
ELSE!
WORLEY
HAD LIVING
QUARTERS
IN THE
MUSEUM,
AND THAT
NIGHT,
AS HE
PONDERED
HIS
TROUBLES...

COULD FRANK
ALLEN HAVE DONE
IT?... NO... NO!
I'M THINKING
SUCH CRAZY
THINGS! FRANK
ALLEN'S DEAD!



ANYONE WITH MURDER ON HIS SOUL WILL HAVE WILD THOUGHTS. WORLEY WAS REMEMBERING THAT TIME, A FEW YEARS AGO, WHEN FRANK ALLEN OWNED THE MUSEUM! THE WAXEN SCENES HAD ALL BEEN ALLEN'S CREATIONS!

THIS ONE OF JACK THE RIPPER WILL BE A BIG DRAWING CARD, PETER, YOU'LL SEE!

YEAH! SURE WILL!

BUT IT WON'T BE YOU WHO MAKES THE MONEY OUT OF THIS PLACE!

ALLEN HAD EMPLOYED WORLEY AS HIS ASSISTANT! WORLEY WAS CLEVER; HE HAD WORKED OUT HIS MURDEROUS SCHEME TO THE LAST DETAIL...

ALLEN HAS NO RELATIVES WHO'D QUESTION THIS FORGED CONTRACT! WHEN HE'S DEAD, THE MUSEUM WILL BE MINE!



THEN TERROR LEAPED AT PETER WORLEY AS HE OPENED THE DOOR.

HELLO, PETER...
NICE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN!

ALLEN! NO!
NO! IT CAN'T BE!
YOU'RE DEAD!
DEAD AN' BURIED!
I SAW THEM BURY
YOU!

DEAD?...AH, BUT THEN
WHO WOULD KNOW THAT
BETTER THAN YOU...MIND
IF I COME IN? THERE
IS SOMETHING I WANT
TO STRAIGHTEN OUT
WITH YOU, PETER!

I HAD TO COME BACK...
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO
THINK YOU COULD COMMIT
MURDER AND GET AWAY
WITH IT, PETER! I
COULDN'T REST UNTIL
I FIXED THAT!



THE TERRIFIED WORLEY FLED INTO
THE MUSEUM...



SUDDENLY, ALLEN WAS UPON HIM, AND IN THE
DIM ROOM OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, WITH
THE WAXEN SCENES OF MURDERS OF THE PAST...



MAKES A NICE MURDER SCENE, DOESN'T IT, PETER? HA, HA, HA!

AA!EEEEE!



THE NEIGHBORS HEARD WORLEY'S EERIE SCREAMS, AND...

IT'S FROM THE MUSEUM! ...SOMEBODY'S BEING MURDERED! PHONE THE POLICE!



THE MUSEUM WAS DARK AND SILENT WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED...

WATCH YOURSELVES! --KILLER MAY STILL BE IN HERE!



EVERYTHING WAS DARK...BROODING SILENCE! AND THEN, DOWN IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS...

SARGE! LOOK OVER THERE!

WHA--Z!



AWED, THEY STOOD BEFORE A SILENT, WAXEN SCENE! MUTE AND GRISLY TABLEAU...

UGH! SAY, THAT FELLOW BEING STRANGLED LOOKS LIKE WORLEY, DOESN'T IT?

WEIRD! WHY WOULD WORLEY BUILD A WAX-PUMMIE SCENE LIKE THAT? LET'S FIND WORLEY-- HE MAY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



PETER WORLEY WAS NEVER FOUND! THERE WAS ONLY THIS NEW SCENE OF A KILLING, PRESERVED IN WAX, TO MAKE PEOPLE SHUDDER!

